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A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
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AN ACTION-PACKED
SUPERBOY
STORY!

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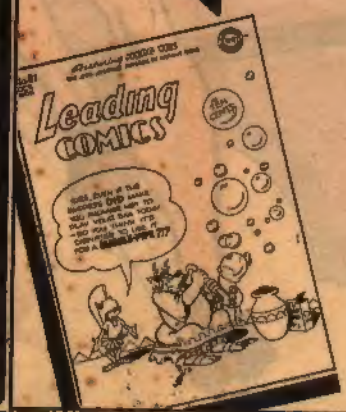

—ON THE COVER OF LEADING COMICS FOR EXAMPLE! IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE!

ADVENTURE COMICS, No. 109 Oct., 1946. Published monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Editorial Offices, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Reentered as second class matter Feb. 28, 1946, at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. $1.50 including [illegible]. Foreign, $3.00 in American funds. [illegible] entire contents copyright 1946 by Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates address The National Comics Group, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.
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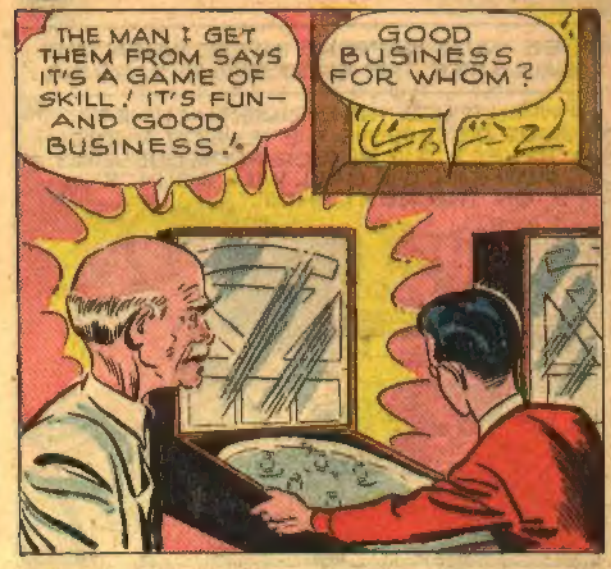
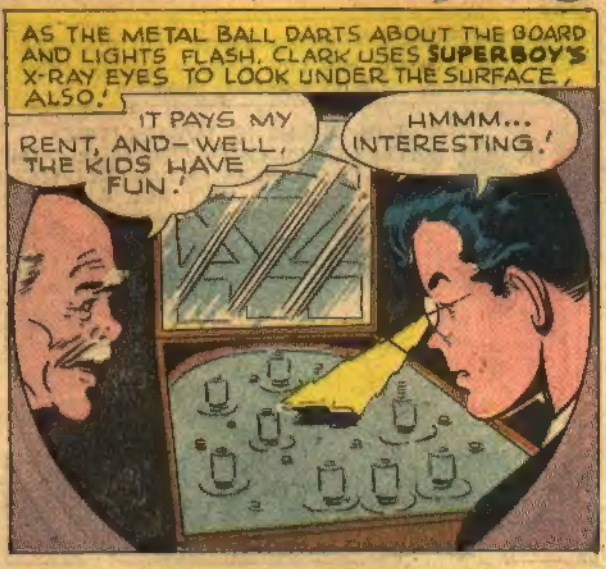
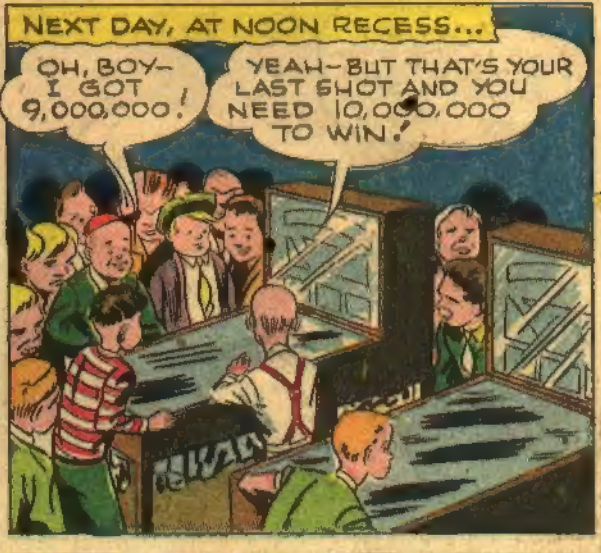
COLORED LIGHTS FLASH... HAIR-TRIGGER MACHINERY CLICKS... AND THE FASCINATING GAME OF "MULTI-MILLIONAIRE" GETS OFF TO A FLYING START AT THE CORNER DRUGSTORE! AND AMONG CLARK KENT'S SCHOOL CHUMS ARE SOME WHO WOULD RATHER PLAY THAN EAT—UNTIL THE MEMORABLE DAY WHEN **SUPERBOY** INTRODUCES A SENSATIONAL NEW TECHNIQUE OF SCORING AND DEMONSTRATES IN FLASHING ACTION THAT GAMES OF CHANCE MAY BE TRICKY, BUT IN GAMES OF GENUINE SKILL—"*You Can't LOSE!*"

WHEE! I WIN AT LAST
HEY- SKINNY WINS A NICKEL
AND IT COST HIM A QUARTER TO DO IT!
I'M BROKE! WISH I'D HAD LUNCH INSTEAD OF PLAYING!
ME TOO! I'M HUNGRY!
WONDER IF THEY EVER WIN?
AS THE BELL RINGS FOR AFTER-NOON CLASSES...
YOU CAN WIN IF YOU'RE LUCKY. LAST WEEK I WON 4 NICKELS- BUT I LOST 'EM BACK AGAIN
AND YOU SAY YOU SPEND 35 CENTS A DAY PLAYING?
SO IT IS EDUCATION VERSUS HUNGER AS THE DAY GOES ON.
MMM...
JOE WON'T PASS HIS MATH EXAM IF HE DOESN'T GET HIS MIND OFF THAT APPLE!
GEORGE, WHAT IS THE VALUE OF THE MATHEMATICAL SYMBOL P?
PIE? 10 CENTS A PIECE... I MEAN-ER- GOLLY, I WAS THINKING OF FOOD!
2
WHEN THE DAY IS OVER...
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, CLARK?
JUST WANT TO TRY THE PIN BALL MACHINE, MR. ENNIS!


THE MAN I GET THEM FROM SAYS IT'S A GAME OF SKILL! IT'S FUN— AND GOOD BUSINESS!
GOOD BUSINESS FOR WHOM?


AS THE METAL BALL DARTS ABOUT THE BOARD AND LIGHTS FLASH, CLARK USES SUPERBOY'S X-RAY EYES TO LOOK UNDER THE SURFACE, ALSO!
IT PAYS MY RENT, AND— WELL, THE KIDS HAVE FUN!
HMMM... INTERESTING!

MR. ENNIS MEANS WELL, BUT THE KIDS GET ROOKED! SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE...


NEXT DAY, AT NOON RECESS...
OH, BOY— I GOT 9,000,000!
YEAH— BUT THAT'S YOUR LAST SHOT AND YOU NEED 10,000,000 TO WIN!

SUDDENLY, SUPERBOY APPEARS!
HI, FELLAS! MAY I TRY IT?
SUPERBOY!
LET HIM PLAY! I'LL BET THIS IS SOMETHING HE CAN'T WIN AT!
3

IT'S HARD TO WIN, SUPERBOY— EVEN WITH LOTS OF PRACTICE!
JUST WATCH ME!

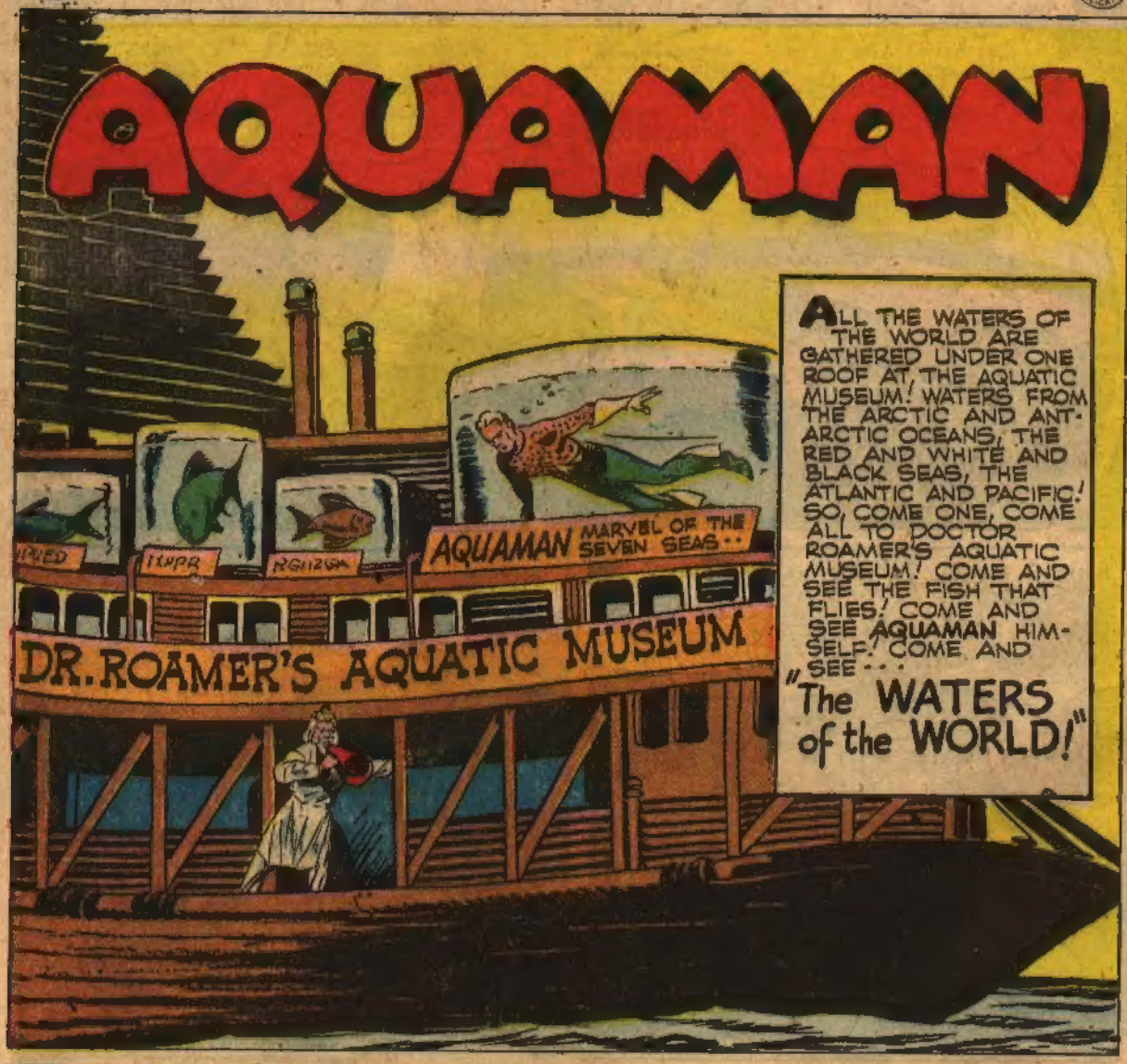
SUPERBOY'S FINGERS TEST THE TENSION OF THE SPRING AS HIS X-RAY EYES LOOK INSIDE THE SOLID METAL BALL...
THE BALL IS WEIGHTED WITH LEAD, OFF-CENTER.' THE WAY IT'S LYING NOW, IT'LL ROLL LEFT—SO I'LL ALLOW FOR THAT...
SEE WHAT HAPPENS INSIDE WHEN THE BALL HITS THE FIRST SPRING BARRIER?
WHEN IT HITS THE SPRING, MACHINERY ADDS OR LESSENS THE TENSION A NOTCH—TO KEEP THE PLAYER FROM GUESSING HOW FAR THE BALL WILL BOUNCE ON THE NEXT SHOT.'
ZOWIE! HE MADE TOP SCORE ON FIRST TRY!
SO WHAT? BEGINNER'S LUCK!
BUT IT IS NO ACCIDENT THAT, SHOT AFTER SHOT, SUPERBOY RINGS UP HIGH SCORE!
GEE! HE GETS HIGH SCORE EVERY SHOT!
AND YOU SAID NOBODY COULD WIN!
AND NOW THE LIMIT—A SHOT THAT FLASHES EVERY LIGHT ON THE BOARD!
HOORAY! THAT'S THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY HAS WON TEN NICKELS!
AND HE CALLED HIS SHOTS!
THAT'S NOTHING! WATCH THIS!
WHO SAYS TWO HANDS AREN'T BETTER THAN ONE?
IF THERE WERE TWO MORE MACHINES, I'D WORK THEM WITH MY FEET.'
4

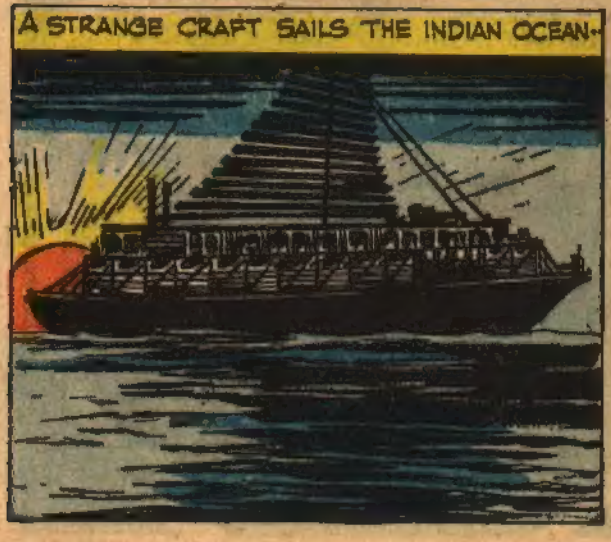
NO RUN OF LUCK AT MONTE CARLO WAS MORE FEVERISHLY CHEERED—AND FROWNED UPON THAN THIS!
HE'S A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE ALREADY!
STOP! YOU'LL RUIN ME!
I'VE BARELY STARTED!
YOU'VE WON ALL THE PROFITS I'VE MADE ON THE MACHINES SINCE THEY WERE INSTALLED!
THAT'S A CHANCE YOU TAKE WHEN YOU RUN A GAMBLING HOUSE!
DRUGS
NO MORE PLAYING TILL I CALL THE COMPANY! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!
YOU LET US LOSE—BUT YOU WON'T LET US WIN!
CANDY
OUT OF ORDER
HEY—WHAT'RE YOU DOING, SUPERBOY?
IF YOU REALLY THINK THESE MACHINES ARE HONEST, MR. ENNIS, A LOOK INSIDE WILL OPEN YOUR EYES!
YOU SEE? THE MACHINERY CHANGES THE ACTION EVERY TIME TO KEEP THE PLAYER FROM PERFECTING HIS GAME!
HUH? YOU'RE RIGHT! THOSE MEN LIED TO ME!
SUPERBOY BREAKS OPEN ONE OF THE SOLID METAL BALLS...
AND THE BALLS ARE WEIGHTED WITH LEAD, SO THEY WON'T ROLL STRAIGHT NO MATTER HOW CAREFULLY YOU TRY!
WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!
5

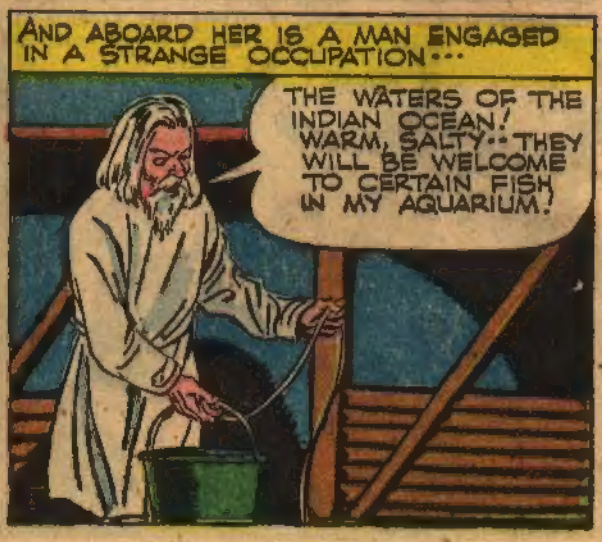
YOU CAN WIN—IF YOU HAVE X-RAY EYES, PERFECT MUSCULAR CONTROL AND CAN FIGURE EVERY POSSIBLE EVENTUALITY!
I'LL GET RID OF THESE MACHINES—AND I'LL SEE THAT ALL OTHERS IN TOWN GO!
BUT, GOSH—IT WAS FUN, SORT OF!
EAT LUNCH WITH THE MONEY YOU DIDN'T LOSE TODAY—AND MEET ME AT THE PLAYGROUND TOMORROW!
NEXT DAY, AT THE PLAYGROUND...
HI, SUPERBOY! WHERE'D THE NEW EQUIPMENT COME FROM?
I BOUGHT IT WITH WHAT I WON PLAYING "MULTI-MILLIONAIRE"! THESE ARE GAMES OF SKILL!
AND THEY'RE FUN, TOO!
WOW! THERE GOES THE BALL OVER THE FENCE!
BOY—WHAT FIELDING!
YOU HAVE TO BE GOOD TO DO THIS—EVEN ON A MINIATURE GOLF COURSE!
A HOLE-IN-ONE!
6

HE'S PLAYING A GAME OF TENNIS—WITH HIMSELF!
YEAH—BUT WHO'S WINNING?
NO CROOKED GADGETS KEEP YOU FROM MAKING HIGH SCORES AT ARCHERY!
MUST BE THE INDIAN IN HIM!
THIS IS SWELL, SUPERBOY—BUT WE CAN'T GET TO BE AS GOOD AS YOU!
WHO KNOWS? ANYWAY, YOU CAN GET IN TOP FORM—AND NOBODY CAN CHEAT YOU OUT OF THE RESULTS!
EXERCISE BUILDS MUSCLES—AND APPETITES! SO I'VE SENT CLARK KENT TO THE DRUGSTORE FOR LUNCHES!
YIPPEE!
LET ME AT THAT GOLF CLUB!
ME FOR THE TENNIS!
PRESENTLY...
COME AND GET IT!
EATS!
THIS IS THE FIRST DAY THIS WEEK I'VE HAD LUNCH!
CROQUET IS MY DISH!
LOOK, FELLAS—SUPERBOY IN REVERSE!
THE END

AQUAMAN


AQUAMAN MARVEL OF THE SEVEN SEAS··
DR. ROAMER'S AQUATIC MUSEUM
ALL THE WATERS OF THE WORLD ARE GATHERED UNDER ONE ROOF AT THE AQUATIC MUSEUM! WATERS FROM THE ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC OCEANS, THE RED AND WHITE AND BLACK SEAS, THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC! SO, COME ONE, COME ALL TO DOCTOR ROAMER'S AQUATIC MUSEUM! COME AND SEE THE FISH THAT FLIES! COME AND SEE AQUAMAN HIMSELF! COME AND SEE···
"The WATERS of the WORLD!"


A STRANGE CRAFT SAILS THE INDIAN OCEAN··


AND ABOARD HER IS A MAN ENGAGED IN A STRANGE OCCUPATION···
THE WATERS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN! WARM, SALTY·· THEY WILL BE WELCOME TO CERTAIN FISH IN MY AQUARIUM!

THE ONLY AQUARIUM IN THE WORLD WHERE GENUINE WATER FROM EVERY BODY OF WATER ON EARTH IS USED!
RED SEA
LAKE HURON
SALT LAKE
ARAL SEA
ARCTIC OCEAN
:SIGH: I'D NEED ONLY ONE MORE EXHIBIT TO MAKE MY AQUARIUM COMPLETE..AQUAMAN! :SIGH: HOWEVER, I'M AFRAID THAT WILL NEVER BE!
BUT NEVER IS A LONG TIME! NOT SO MANY MILES AWAY FROM DOCTOR ROAMER'S CRAFT, AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
A DROWNED MAN!
NO! HE'S STILL ALIVE! GOT TO GET HIM ON LAND!
AQUAMAN PERFORMS ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION, AND...
THE BOOK.. TOOK IT WITH THEM..DON'T HIT ME AGAIN... PLEASE...
GOOD! HE'S REVIVING!
I FOUND THIS COTTAGE EMPTY..
IT'S MINE, AQUAMAN! I'M A CHEMIST AND OCEANOLOGIST! I RETIRED HERE TO WRITE MY BOOK ABOUT OCEANS..
..SOME THUGS, LEARNING THAT I WAS WORKING ON A CHAPTER THAT HAD TO DO WITH THE AMOUNT OF GOLD IN SEA WATER, TOOK MY MANUSCRIPT.. HOPING IT WOULD MAKE THEM WEALTHY!

BUT THE AMOUNT OF GOLD IN SEA WATER IS INFINITESIMAL! IT WOULDN'T PAY TO MINE IT!
AH, BUT MY THEORY IS THIS: THAT SOMEWHERE, IN SOME OCEAN, THERE IS A RICH MINE THAT FEEDS ALL THAT GOLD INTO SEA WATER!
IF WE COULD COLLECT ALL SORTS OF WATER FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD AND TEST IT FOR ITS GOLD CONTENT WE--LOOK! THAT BOAT!
THE MEN WHO SLUGGED ME AND STOLE MY BOOK! THEY MUST BE COMING BACK BECAUSE THE BOOK DIDN'T GIVE A SPECIFIC SPOT TO LOOK FOR THE MINE!
THEY'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE!
HARD TO STARBOARD, MATES!
IT'S AQUAMAN!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A SWIM, RATS?
AW, COME ON IN-- THE WATER'S FINE!
BUT AN UNEXPECTED WAVE BRINGS THE BOAT DOWN ON AQUAMAN'S HEAD!
UGH!
3

UNCONSCIOUS, HE SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES··
WHAT A BREAK!
LET'S BEAT IT BACK TO THE SLOOP! HE'S ONLY KAYOED AND HE MAY BE BACK!
RIGHT!
THAT NIGHT, A DISCONSOLATE AQUAMAN LISTENS TO A WEAK RADIO·
I FLUBBED IT! I HAD THEM RIGHT IN THE PALMS OF MY HANDS AND THEN THAT BOAT HIT ME!
CHEER UP! I CAN BEGIN WRITING ALL OVER AGAIN···
AND NOW TO ANNOUNCE THE ARRIVAL OF DOCTOR ROAMER'S AQUATIC MUSEUM IN SHIP'S LANE PORT! COME AND SEE IT, FOLKS! IT'S UNIQUE··
WAIT A SECOND!
I'VE A HUNCH WE CAN CATCH THOSE RATS AND GET YOUR MANUSCRIPT BACK AT THE SAME TIME!
YOU · YOU REALLY THINK SO?
A FEW DAYS LATER, AT SHIP'S LANE PORT··
AQUAMAN!
HELLO, DOCTOR! I HAVE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE YOU! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME AS PART OF YOUR SEA MUSEUM?
AND SO DR. ROAMER REALIZES HIS FONDEST DREAM AS AQUAMAN BECOMES AN EXHIBIT OF THE SHOWBOAT AQUARIUM··
4

THEN, ONE DAY···
COME ABOARD THE AQUARIUM, FOLKS! SEE THE MARVELS OF THE WATER WORLD, INCLUDING THE GREAT AQUAMAN!
I TOLD YA, SKIPPER!
WHAT'S A GUY LIKE AQUAMAN DOING HERE, DOC?
YEAH·· ARE YOU KIDDING US?
INDEED NO, GENTLEMEN! HE IS CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT WITH ME--TO SEE HOW MUCH GOLD IS CONTAINED IN THE WATERS ON BOARD!
YOU SEE? IT'S JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU·· THIS SHIP HAS WATER FROM EVERY SEA AND LAKE IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
AND ONE OF THEM SHOWS A HIGHER PERCENTAGE OF GOLD, HUH?
THAT'S HIM ALL RIGHT! HE'S WISE TO THAT GUY'S THEORY IN THE MANUSCRIPT WE SWIPED!
HE'S TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW!
THERE THEY ARE! AND THEY'RE SWALLOWING THE BAIT--HOOK, LINE AND SINKER! DOC RECOGNIZED THEM FROM MY DESCRIPTION! NOW ALL HE HAS TO DO IS FOLLOW IT UP··
Ooo.
··STARTLING THEORY THAT A GOLD MINE FEEDS GOLD INTO THE WATER! AND, HE'S SUCCEEDED, TOO! CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW MUCH GOLD THAT MUST BE···?
5

HE'S LEAVING AT DUSK TO PUT A CLAIM ON RECORD, TOO!
WON'T BE HERE TONIGHT, EH?
YOU CONVINCED THEM, DOCTOR? THEY CAN'T RESIST BAIT LIKE THIS!
MAKES ME FEEL YOUNG AGAIN, LIKE WHEN I HUNTED WHALES!
THAT NIGHT, ALONG THE WATERFRONT...
IT'S PERFECT! AQUAMAN ISN'T THERE, BUT HIS RESEARCH RECORDS ARE!
WE'LL LEARN WHERE THAT UNDER-WATER MINE IS AND GET THERE FIRST!
THE DOC SAID HIS ROOM WAS AFT OF THE MUSEUM..
THIS IS IT..SO THAT'S WHERE THE GOLD IS! RIGHT HERE..
LOOKS AS THOUGH I'M RIGHT HERE, TOO!
YOU! BUT THE DOC SAID..
OH, DON'T MIND WHAT I SAID! IT WAS ONLY TO GET YOU HERE..
..SO I COULD DO THIS!
CLICK
6

I GOT HIM IN MY SIGHTS..
BUT NOT FOR LONG..
THE MAN WHO HAS SWUM THE SEVEN SEAS SPEAKS IN THE STRANGE TELEPATHICAL LANGUAGE OF THE FISH..
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, FELLA.
GOT TO GET A GOOD START FOR THIS!
HEY!
HE REALLY DOESN'T FLY! HE JUST GLIDES THROUGH THE AIR AFTER GETTING UP SPEED IN THE WATER..
LIKE MY FIST
YOU'LL RETURN THAT SCRIPT TO THE MAN WHO WROTE IT, UNDERSTAND? AND FORGET THAT THEORY..YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO MINE IT..AT FIVE MILES UNDER WATER!
FIVE MILES! GULP!
SO LONG, DOCTOR, AND THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING!
LET ME THANK YOU!
AND SO THE SEA-MUSEUM SAILS ON INTO THE SUNSET, TO A NEW PORT AND A NEW HORIZON..
SIGH! WELL, I HAD HIM IN MY COLLECTION ONCE ANYHOW!
THE END

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP
S.O.S. POLICE-BOAT LONG OVERDUE PEPSI AND PETE MISSING SOS
PEPSI, I'M SICK IN TWO PLACES – I'M SEA-SICK AN' I'M HOME-SICK!
SAY! LOOKS LIKE AN ISLAND!
AN ISLAND! IMAGINE AN ISLAND IN ALL THIS OCEAN!
WE GOTTA FIND SOME WATER PETE WE ONLY GOT ONE PEPSI-COLA BETWEEN US!
HEY, PEPSI! I FOUND A SPRING OF NICE FRESH --
-- WATER!
GOLLY, LOOKS LIKE PETE'S UP A SPOUT!
QUICK! TIE TH' ROPE AROUND YOU, PETE!
AAH, WHAT A WHALE OF A DRINK!
HELP!
NOW JUST A LITTLE PEPPER ON THE NOSE!
- AND THAR SHE BLOWS!
K-CHOO!
CHEER UP, PETE, YOU OLD JONAH! I SAVED A LITTLE SIP FOR YOU!
MORE PEPSI, MORE! I KNEW THERE WUZ SUMP'N FISHY ABOUT THIS ISLAND!
PEPSI SEZ:
DON'T BE A SIMPLE SIMON – ASK FOR A BIG PEPSI-COLA!

Johnny Quick
and his MAGIC FORMULA
NOBODY DIES EXCEPT BY ACCIDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF REJUVENATION, WHERE GRAYBEARDED GRANDSIRES ROMP THROUGH A CURRICULUM OF LEAPFROG AND HANDSPRINGS! BUT MISHAPS ARE SO NUMEROUS THAT THOSE BOLD ADVENTURERS, JOHNNY CHAMBERS AND RUBY WATTS, AGE 60 YEARS AT THE DROP OF AN EYELASH—AND EVEN JOHNNY QUICK HAS TO GEAR HIMSELF TO SUPERSPEED MIRACLES TO KEEP AHEAD OF THE ACCIDENT RATE AT—
"Methuselah Manor!"

JOHNNY CHAMBERS, ACE CAMERAMAN FOR SEES-ALL-TELLS-ALL NEWS, HAS DRAWN AN OFF-TRAIL ASSIGNMENT THIS TIME...
WHAT'S THIS UNIVERSITY O' REJUVENATION ANYWAY, JOHNNY?
SEEMS IT WAS STARTED BY A COUPLE OF GRAYBEARDS, TUBBY.'
EVERYBODY IN IT IS PAST 70, AND IN A WHOLE YEAR NO ONE HAS DIED EXCEPT BY ACCIDENT.' SCIENTIFIC FEEDING DOES THE TRICK.'
FEEDIN'.' OH, BOY.' SOME O' THOSE SCIENTISTS HAS GOT BRAINS, AT THAT.'
JOHNNY.' I'M SEEIN' THINGS.'
YOU'RE SEEING THINGS, ALL RIGHT— AND THE WHOLE COUNTRY'S GOING TO SEE 'EM IN THE NEWSREELS.' THIS IS THE UNIVERSITY OF REJUVENATION.'
MORE PEP AROUND HERE THAN I'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME, OLD TIMER.'
AN' WHY NOT? AIN'T NARY ONE O' US OVER NINETY-SEVEN.'
HEY— IS THAT CHAP CRAZY, WALKING OUT ON A WIRE 20 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND?
NAW.' GEORGE PINKNEY IS ALWAYS SHOWIN' OFF— BUT HE'S ONLY 81, AN' WILL GROW OUT O' IT.'
HALP.' TH' DING-DANG WIRE BUSTED.'
OHHH.' I CAN'T BEAR TA LOOK.'
SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE— AND FAST.'
WHILE ALL EYES ARE RIVETED ON THE PLUNGING FIGURE OF THE AGED WIRE-WALKER, JOHNNY CHAMBERS SPEAKS HIS MAGIC FORMULA.
HERE WE GO AGAIN.' 3X2 (9YZ) 4A...
2

AND A SECOND LATER, JOHNNY QUICK IS ONCE AGAIN IN EYE-BAFFLING ACTION!
LUCKY I WAS IN THE NEIGH-BORHOOD, CHUM!
JOHNNY QUICK!
DIDN'T B'LIEVE HALF TH' THINGS I HEARD ABOUT YE, JOHNNY— BUT NOW I DO! YE'RE RIGHT SPRY FOR YOUR AGE!
SAME TO YOU!
HMM... MAYBE THIS WASN'T AS ACCIDENTAL AS IT LOOKED! THE WIRE APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN CUT NEARLY THROUGH WITH SOME SHARP INSTRU-MENT!
GREAT GUNS! LOOKS LIKE COWBOY COBB HAS PICKED THE WRONG BRONC THIS TIME!
I BEEN WARNIN' HIM HE COULDN'T MANAGE THEM WILD HOSSES AT 90 THE WAY HE USED TO WHEN HE WAS 20!
EASY DOES IT, PARDNER!
SADDLE ME A LIGHTNIN' BOLT IF IT AIN'T JOHNNY QUICK!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE WAS GENTLE AS A LAMB TILL I GOT SET IN THE SADDLE —THEN ALL AT ONCE HE EXPLODED!
MAYBE SOMETHING'S HURTING HIM!
3

JUST AS I THOUGHT!
WHAT IS IT?
A SANDBURR! IT WAS UNDER THE SADDLE BLANKET!
NOW THAT'S MIGHTY QUEER! IT WASN'T THERE WHEN I WENT FOR MY MORNIN' GALLOP-AN' THEY AIN'T NO PLACE WHERE SAND-BURRS GROW WITHIN 10 MILES O'HERE!
I WONDER—? ...HUH?
HE-E-E-ELP!
SOUNDS LIKE ED WILKINS, OVER IN THE APPLE ORCHARD!
HELP!
I HOPE THIS DOESN'T GO ON ALL THE TIME AROUND HERE!
A FALLING APPLE TAUGHT NEWTON THE LAW OF GRAVITY—AND I SUPPOSE YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO TEACH THE APPLES!
JOHNNY QUICK! RIGHT NEIGHBORLY O' YE TO RESCUE ME!
I BEEN USIN' THAT LADDER 'MOST EVERY DAY SINCE I CAME HERE! HOW COME IT HAD TO BREAK NOW?
THAT'S EASY! SOMEONE'S BEEN USING A SAW ON IT LATELY!
I'M ONLY 89, AN' I WANT TO SEE AT LEAST 100 'FORE THE UNIVERSITY INHERITS MY ESTATE! MAYBE I BETTER KEEP OFF LADDERS FOR THE NEXT ELEVEN YEARS!
YOUR ESTATE, DID YOU SAY?

YE SEE, THAT'S THE BARGAIN ALL US STUDENTS MAKE. DOC. ELDER AN' PROFESSOR BEARD GUARANTEE TO KEEP US ALIVE TILL WE REACH 100, BARRIN' ACCIDENTS, AN' WE LEAVE HIM OUR MONEY.'
BARRING ACCIDENTS, EH? HMMM...
HAVE THERE BEEN MANY FATAL ACCIDENTS?
PLENTY!
JOHNNY QUICK! WELCOME!
I AM DR. ELDER, AND THIS IS PROFESSOR BEARD.' WE HAVE HEARD OF YOUR MIRACULOUS RESCUES.
DESPITE ALL OUR WARNINGS, OUR STUDENTS PERSIST IN ATTEMPTING RECKLESS FEATS AS THEY FEEL THEIR LOST STRENGTH RETURNING.'
YOU'D BETTER TEACH THEM THAT THE BEST WAY FOR THEM TO STAY ABOVE GROUND IS TO KEEP THEIR FEET ON IT!
A SPLENDID SUGGESTION.'
THANK YOU AGAIN, JOHNNY—AND GOOD-BYE!
MINUTES LATER...
THINK HOW MUCH MORE THEY COULD ENJOY IT IF THEY JUST LAID IN HAMMOCKS UNDER TH' TREES!
I'M SAM, THE PORTER HERE.' TH' DOC AN' TH' PERFESSOR SAY TA TELL YA IT'S TIME FOR THE BIRTHDAY BANQUET TO START.'
SAM, THEM WORDS IS SWEET MUSIC TO ME EARS.'
I BET THEY GIVE THESE GUYS PLENTY O' BEEFSTEAK FOR ALL THAT VIM AN' VIGOR.'
DON'T BE TOO DISAPPOINTED IF THEY SERVE BABY FOOD.'
5

BUT BABY FOOD, IT APPEARS, WOULD BE SOMETHING OF AN IMPROVEMENT ON THIS.'
READY?...ONE-TWO-THREE—EAT.'
QUAINT, TO SAY THE LEAST.'
GLUG! SLUP!
GURGLE!
THAT FINISHES OUR BANQUET OF CONCENTRATED VITAMINS AND CALORIES.' LET US RESUME OUR EXERCISE.'
WHAT.' THEY CALL THIS A BANQUET?
I'M GONNA RAID TH' ICEBOX.'
IF YOUR APPETITE GETS YOU INTO TROUBLE, DON'T EXPECT ME TO GET YOU OUT OF IT.'
DIET KITCHEN
IN THE DIET KITCHEN, WHICH IS, IN FACT, A LABORATORY...
TOO BAD JOHNNY QUICK HAD TO BUTT IN WHISKERS.'
YES, WE'RE GETTING BEHIND IN OUR INHERITANCE COLLECTIONS.'
CONCENTRATE OF FRIED CHICKEN
CONCENTRATE OF STEAK
CONCENT OF TURKEY
OLD POTTER SHOWS SIGNS OF CRACKING UP, AND IT WOULD HURT OUR REPUTATION IF HE SHOULD DIE A NATURAL DEATH BEFORE HIS HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY!
'SCUSE ME.' D.D YA SAY SOMEBODY'S GOIN' TA DIE?
EH?.. HA, HA.' DOCTOR ELDER AND I WERE ONLY JOKING.'
WELL, I'M GOIN' TA DIE IF I DON'T GET SOMETHING TA EAT IN A HURRY!
EAT? ER-OH YES,
DRINK THIS.' IT CONTAINS MORE NOURISHMENT THAN YOU'D FIND IN A WHOLE HERD OF CATTLE.'
SOMEHOW YOUR SYSTEM TAKES ALL TH' FUN OUT O' EATIN'— BUT I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE.'

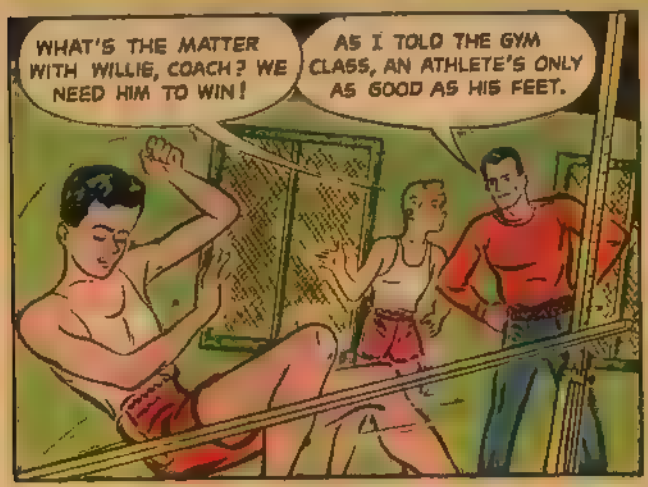
A MOMENT LATER...
HO-HUM... I FEEL TIRED'
HUH? HI, CHUM I DIDN'T SEE YA SITTIN THERE AT FIRST ' D'YA KNOW WHERE THERE'S A HAMBURGER STAND CLOSE BY?
AND IF YOU MAKE A FUSS, YOU'LL BE NOTHING BUT AN UNDERTAKER'S HEADACHE!
GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST- IT'S ME! I'M A HUNDRED OR SO YEARS OLD; AN' IT'S ALL YOUR DOIN', YA DOUBLE-CROSSERS!
YOU ARE NOW IN OUR POWER!
YA CAN'T DO THIS TA ME.' JOHNNY! HELP.'
NO ONE CAN HELP YOU NOW! HA, HA, HA'
EH? DID YE CALL ME, TUBBY? I DON'T HEAR AS WELL AS I USED TO, FORTY YEAR AGO!
NO.' IT CAN'T BE!
YOU SEE?
THESE GUNS AREN'T LOADED WITH VITAMIN PILLS'
IT'S' NO USE, TUBBY!
THINK OF IT' ME, THAT WAS ONCE SO YOUNG AN' GRACEFUL.'
CAN'T YA DO SOMETHIN, JOHNNY? HOW ABOUT TH' SPEED BUSINESS?
DON'T KNOW AS MY JOINTS WOULD. STAND IT.' HOW DID THE FORMULA GO?... 3X2... NOW, LEMME SEE...

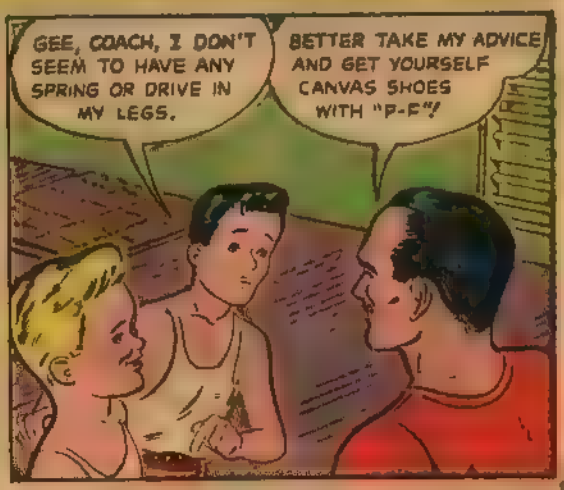
I B'LIEVE I'VE GOT IT.! HELP ME OFF WITH MY COAT, TUBBY.! ... 3X2...UH... (9YZ) ... UH... 4A...
NOT SO SPRY AS I WAS, BUT MAYBE WE CAN GO FAST ENOUGH.!
CREAK!
CREAK!
CREAK!
HOW D'YA EXPECT TA BRING BACK TH' DAYS O' OUR GLORIOUS YOUTH BY RUNNIN' AWAY?
WE'RE TRAVELING WEST.! IF I CAN GET UP ENOUGH SPEED TO BEAT THE SUN, WE'LL MAKE TIME GO BACKWARDS.!
IT'S WORKIN'.! JOHNNY, YA DON'T LOOK A DAY OVER 75.!
FASTER, FASTER GOES THE KING OF SPEED AND HIS HEFTY CHUM UNTIL THEIR RATE OF PROGRESS EQUALS THE SPEED OF LIGHT.' AND FINALLY, WHEN WHOLE MINUTES HAVE PASSED...
SO YOU'D RATHER HAVE THE BULLETS AFTER ALL.!
BANG!
AAA-A-A-A...
YA KILLED MY BEST FRIEND, YA DIRTY RATS.!
OVER WITH HIM.! WE'LL REPORT IT AS ANOTHER ACCIDENT.!
OH, MY GOODNESS.! AND ME SO YOUNG AN' HANDSOME TA DIE— AN' SO HUNGRY.!
CHEER UP, FATTY.! YOU WON'T BE SEPARATED VERY LONG.!
8

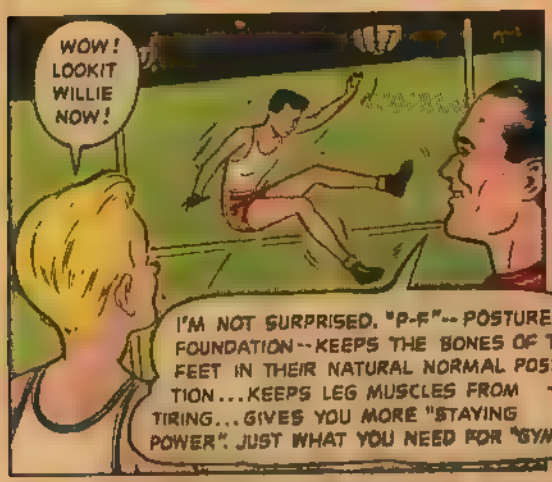
AND NOW, AT THE POINT WHERE TUBBY'S NIGHTMARE AND REALITY MERGE...
HELP!
TUBBY! SO HE DID FIND HIMSELF SOME TROUBLE ON HIS QUEST FOR VICTUALS! 3x2(9YZ)4A...
UGH!... JOHNNY!
OOOFF! EITHER YOU REDUCE, TUBBY, OR YOU'VE GOT TO QUIT GETTING INTO SCRAPES LIKE THIS!
LOOK OUT THEY DON'T MAKE A GRAY-BEARD OUTA YA AGAIN, JOHNNY!
GRAYBEARD? I DON'T GET IT!
JOHNNY QUICK! HE'S BACK AGAIN! GET HIM!
MY GUN! I HAD IT HALF A SECOND AGO!
WHAT HAPPENED? I'M ALL MIXED UP!
THEY WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO KEEP THESE GUNS ANYWAY, WHERE THEY'RE GOING!
A BLUR OF FLYING FISTS, JOHNNY HITS THE VILLAINOUS TRIO LIKE A TORNADO!
HELP! MY JAW'S BUSTED!
I'D FEEL ASHAMED OF MYSELF FOR THIS, IF YOU WEREN'T MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU LOOK!
THE IDEA, JOHNNY QUICK PICKIN' ON OLD FELLERS LIKE THEM!
I GOT A GOOD MIND TO USE MY CANE ON HIM!
SPLASH

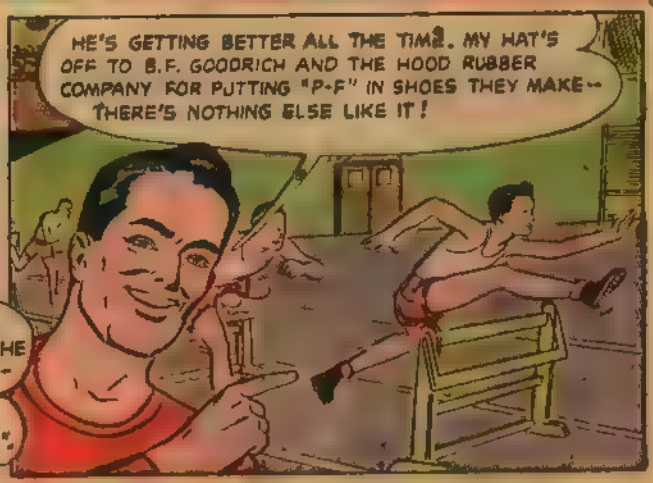
I SWAN! THEY'RE FIFTY YEARS YOUNGER!
DOGGONE IF IT AIN'T TH' FOUNTAIN O' YOUTH!
DON'T RUSH TO JUMP IN TILL YOU HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY, MEN!
THESE BUZZARDS ARE CROOKS AND MURDERERS! THEY STARTED THIS PLACE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EVERY MAN'S WISH TO LIVE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!
LAND O' GOSHEN!
THEY FED YOU CONCENTRATED VITAMINS TO GIVE YOU THE FEELING OF YOUTHFUL VIGOR-AND ARRANGED "ACCIDENTS" TO KILL YOU OFF!
YE MEAN, ONE O'EM PUT THAT BURR UNDER MY SADDLE?
SO THE SKUNKS FIXED IT FOR THAT WIRE TO BREAK, DID THEY?
I'VE DISARMED THEM! WITH ALL YOUR PEP, I GUESS YOU CAN KEEP THEM CORRALLED TILL I SEND THE POLICE!
THEY'RE LUCKY IF WE DON'T TEAR 'EM LIMB FROM LIMB, JOHNNY!
BUT I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW THEY TURNED US INTO OLD GAFFERS, SO YA HAD TA MAKE TIME RUN BACKWARD, JOHNNY!
I'M GETTING TIRED OF EXPLAINING THAT YOU DREAMED IT ALL!
WHAT'S MORE, IF YOU EAT ALL THAT, YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE ANOTHER NIGHTMARE!
SO WHAT? TH' PLEASURE'LL BE WORTH IT!
THE END

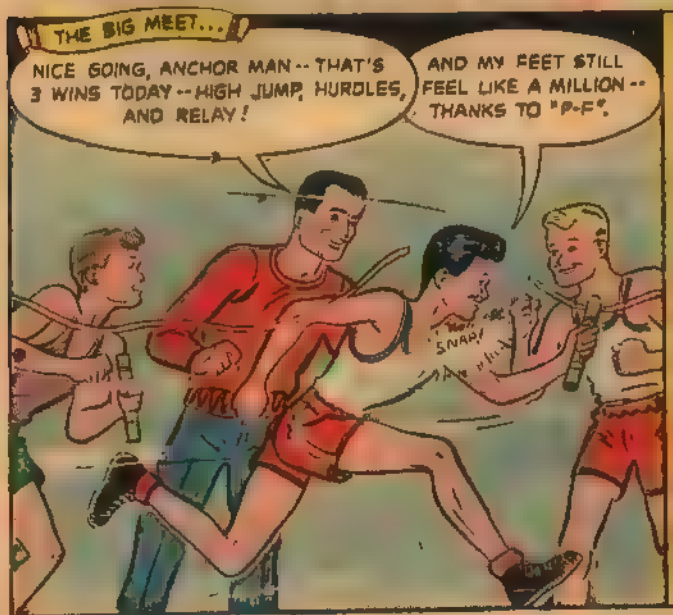
FROM "LEAD FOOT" TO ANCHOR MAN











HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER IN

GYM WORK

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2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

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A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

SIGNAL LIGHT

by Blair Bolton

FOR almost three hours now Pardo had been watching the house. It was only a prospector's cabin, at the foot of the Sierras, but to Pardo it was a means of changing clothes, an avenue of escape.

Pardo had broken jail three days ago. He had been unable to get clothes thus far. He hadn't dared get out from under the freight train whose rods he had been riding. All Pardo had with him, besides a killer's mind, was the revolver he had taken from a guard.

"This old guy won't put up much of a fight," Pardo told himself now, as he watched smoke pluming from the cabin. "I'll scare him half to death." He had seen Abe Burrow, the prospector, earlier, when Abe came out to draw some water. Pardo had thought of jumping him then. He was glad, a moment later, that he hadn't.

For Abe Burrow's visitor had ridden up a moment later. And Pardo had hidden deeper in the sagebrush. A sheriff was the last thing he wanted to see!

The sheriff was in the cabin now, which brought Pardo to the conclusion the lawman and the prospector were friends. Official business wouldn't keep the sheriff that long, Pardo decided.

Wind stirred the restless sagebrush. Pardo longed to stretch his cramped legs. The hours of confined concealment had been torture. But a man fleeing a murder rap can stand a lot. Pardo's eyes were grim as he watched the Sierras purpling. It wouldn't be long before the sun went down.

Then it would be cold. Pardo shivered. He didn't like the thought of another icy night.

The door of the cabin opened. Pardo tensed. The sheriff was coming out. He paused a moment to shout back into the cabin, "You find anything, Abe, let me know!"

Pardo's thin lips twisted into an evil smile. So the sheriff was spreading news of his escape! For an instant, Pardo levelled his revolver at the peace officer. It would be an easy thing to knock him off that horse. But the prospector?

Pardo put down the gun. He decided to wait a few more moments, let the sheriff get out of sight, before entering the house.

Fifteen minutes later he went in. It was getting dark in the cabin, but the old man was cooking over the fireplace. The aroma of fresh beans filled the wooden room. Just above the fireplace was a Sharps' rifle. Pardo's eyes rested on this.

"Don't reach for that rifle, old timer," he said, "unless you want to get blasted."

There was surprise on the old man's face as he turned around. "Who is it? What do you want?"

Pardo grinned. "What's the old boy trying to do," he asked himself, "kid me?" Yeah, that was it, trying to make believe he didn't know who Pardo was.

"You know who I am," Pardo said. "The sheriff just left, didn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"But nothing!" Pardo snarled. "He moved menacingly toward the old man, snatched the rifle from the wall. "I can use this, too, pop," he said, "and some clothes." He coughed. It was getting colder. "I'll have some of that grub while you're rustling up the clothes."

Pardo watched the old man carefully. "I've got him plenty scared," he told himself, as the old man rummaged in a chest. He wondered whether the old man had any money in the place. These oldtimers never liked to use banks. Well, he could find that out in a minute.

"Here you are stranger," Abe said, depositing some clothes on the table. "I hope they'll fit you."

Pardo grabbed the old man's wrist. Old Abe's face contorted in pain.

"I need money, see," Pardo said. He thrust his evil face into the old man's. "Where have you got it hidden?" He put a little more pressure on old Abe's wrist.

The aged sourdough winced. "I—I—I'll get it," he said. "You light the lamp."

Pardo, lighting the lamp, watched the old man craftily as he pulled up a loose floorboard. Then his eyes glinted. Two sacks of gold dust! Enough to get a man safely out of this place and into the panhandle!

Pardo put the lamp on the table. His hands grasped the gold greedily. "That's the way I like to see an old fellow behave," he said. "Now nothing will happen to you, oldtimer. Just go and sit over in that corner where I can watch you while I finish my grub. Then I'll dress and go." He grinned. "'Course I'll have to fix you so you can't spread an alarm."

"But I won't spread an alarm," Abe said. "I—I—"

Pardo laughed. "It wouldn't do much good," he said roughly. "The law isn't going to catch up with me again." He pushed his plate aside and began changing into old Abe's clothes.

The old man suddenly moved. "Where you goin'?" Pardo asked suspiciously.

"Just gettin' me some grub if you don't mind," the old man said. "I'm powerful hungry."

"Go ahead." Pardo said. Things were going swell. He could afford to be good-humored.

Nevertheless, he watched the old man. Abe's hands were trembling as he dished some of the beans from the pot. Still scared Pardo thought smugly.

Suddenly the tin plate slipped from Abe's hands, fell to the floor with a clatter. It was followed an instant later by the heavy iron pot as old Abe tried in vain to retrieve it.

Pardo burst out laughing. "You're sure clumsy, oldtimer," he said. "Now you'll have to go without your supper." He had finished dressing now. "I'm leaving—soon as I take care of you."

"You're not going any place, Pardo," said a voice from the door.

Pardo whirled. The sheriff stood there. Pardo hadn't heard his horse come up, but old Abe's sharp ears had. That's why he had deliberately spilled the tin plate and the cast iron cooking pot. It had covered up the hoofbeats of the sheriff's horse.

And now Pardo made a bad mistake. He reached for his gun. The slug from the sheriff's Colt tore through his shoulder. Pardo fell, groaning.

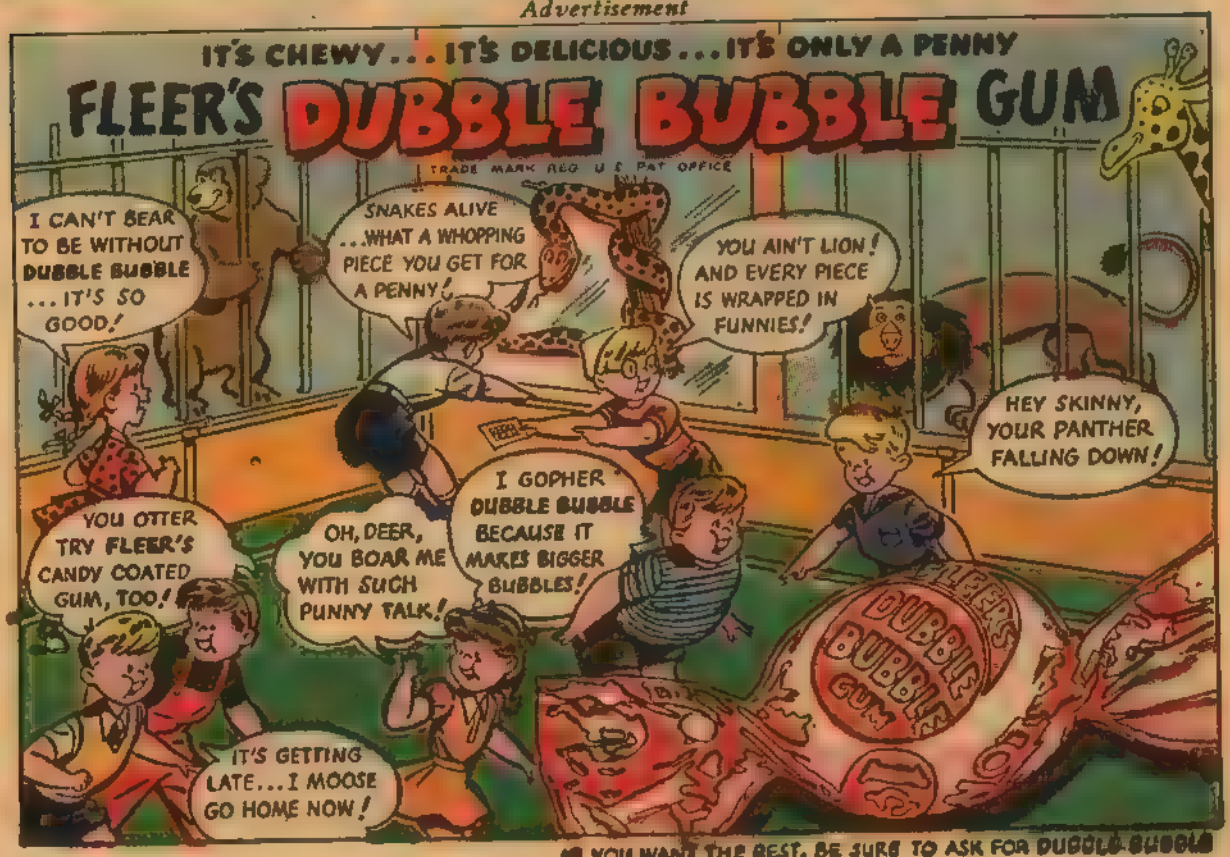
The sheriff reached over, pulled him to his feet. "The nerve of you trying to rob a blind man, Pardo," he said. "Couldn't you find anyone else?"

His gloved hand slapped Pardo's face. Blood ran from the killer's nose. "Blind?" he asked thickly. "Who's blind?"

"Abe's been blind nigh onto fifteen years now," the sheriff said. "I live on the next ridge, and when he wants me he always lights his kerosene lamp."

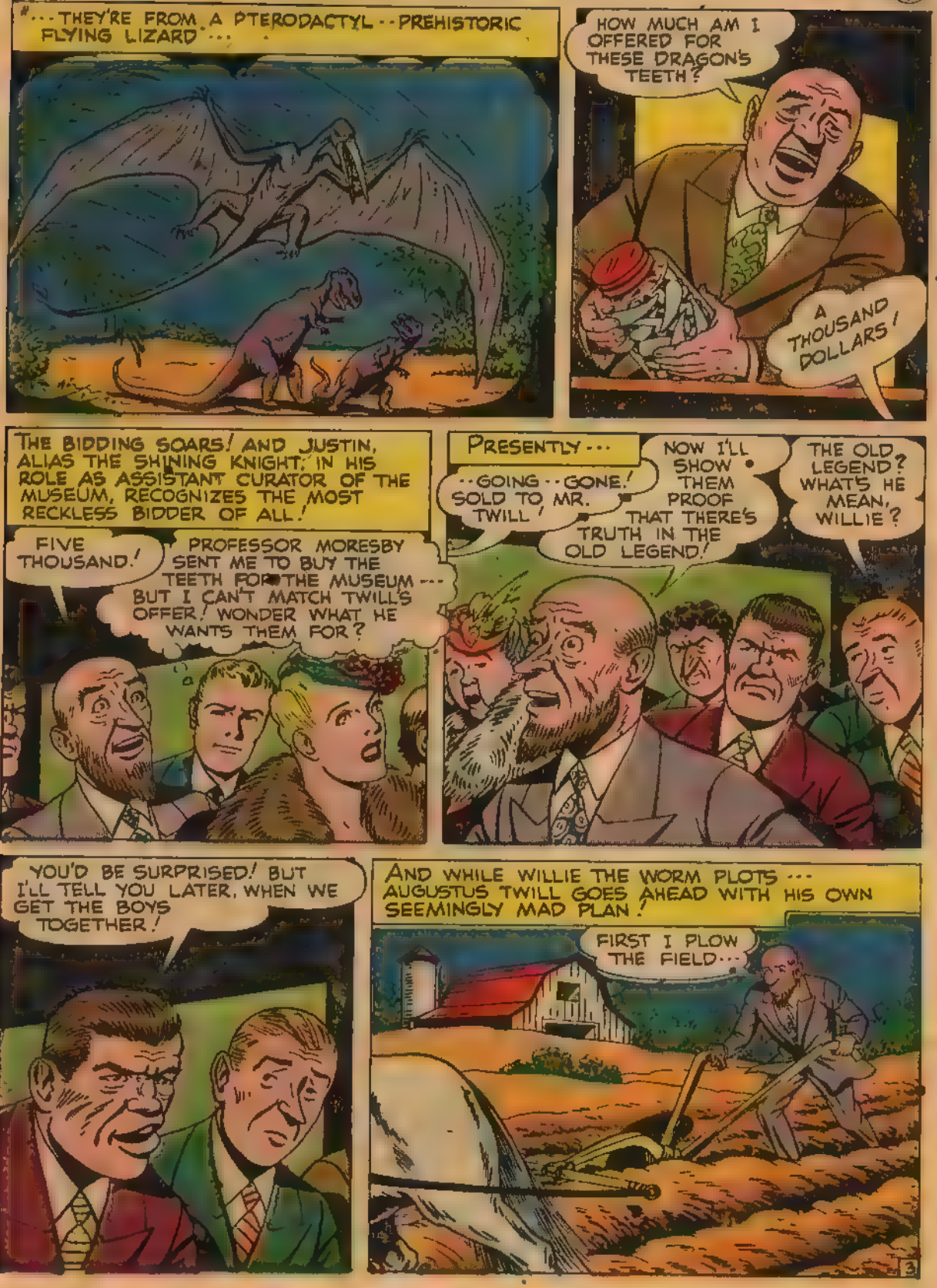
Abe Burrows chuckled. "Little signal me and the sheriff doped out a long time ago, son. I've got no use for a light otherwise, 'cause I never have guests at night!"

Advertisement

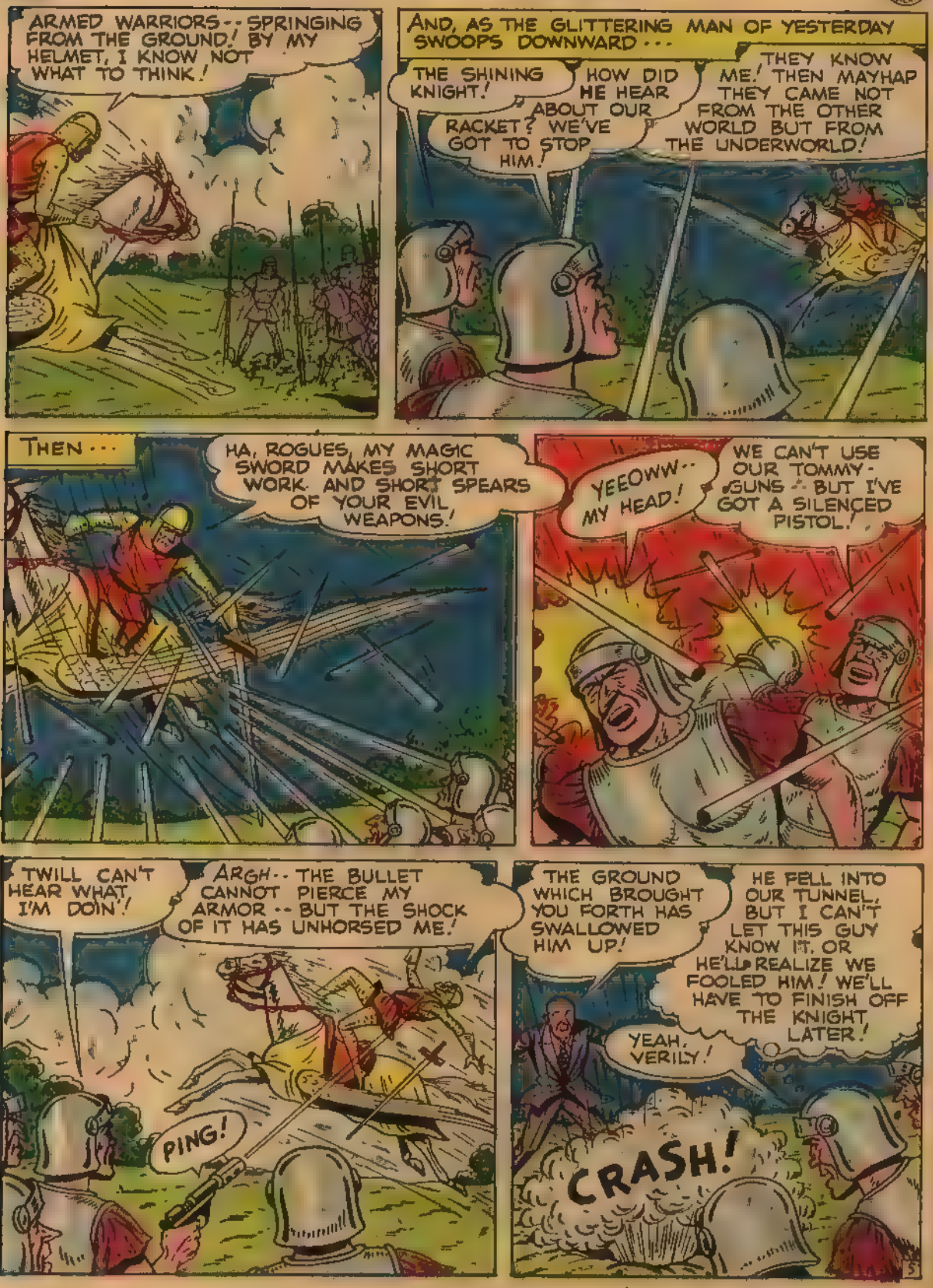


The SHINING KNIGHT
YOU'VE READ OF GIANTS AND DRAGONS, AND HEROES STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT THE EARTH··· AND MAYBE YOU THOUGHT THEM FABLES AND NOTHING MORE. BUT HERE'S A MAN WHO TOOK THEM SERIOUSLY·· AND WITH STRANGE RESULTS! LAUGHED AT AND SCORNED, HE RETALIATED BY SOWING BITTER SEEDS OF VENGEANCE·· AND EVEN THE SHINING KNIGHT, CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY, FINDS PERIL SPROUTING ON EVERY SIDE, AS A DEADLY HARVEST GROWS FROM···
THE DRAGON'S TEETH!
DO YOU THINK OF SCIENTISTS AS CALM AND UNEMOTIONAL? WELL, HERE ARE SOME WHO ARE PLENTY EXCITED!
AND SO I SAY···
ANNUAL CONVENTION — SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY
BOO! DON'T TELL US THAT MEN CAN GROW OUT OF THE GROUND!
HE'S CRAZY!
THROW HIM OUT!

AND DON'T COME BACK, AUGUSTUS "CRACKPOT" TWILL!
OH, THE INDIGNITY OF IT! I, AUGUSTUS TWILL, THROWN OUT OF THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY!
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN, SAP! ···
I HAVE PROOF THAT ANCIENT WONDERS ARE NOT JUST FABLES ··· AND NO ONE BELIEVES ME!
BUT, I'LL CONVINCE THEM YET! IF I COULD ONLY FIND SOME DRAGON'S TEETH!
BUT TWILL'S THEORIES ARE GREETED WITH RESPECT IN SOME CIRCLES ···
SAY, BOYS, DID YOU READ ABOUT THIS GUY TWILL'S NEW THEORY?
HA, HA, HA! SO WILLIE THE WORM IS INTERESTED IN SCIENCE!
YEAH! EVER SINCE I LEARNED THAT TWILL HAS DOUGH! AND I GOT AN IDEA WE CAN USE HIS NEW THEORY!
NEXT DAY, AT AN AUCTION ···
HERE, FOLKS, IS A RARE ITEM! FOSSILIZED TEETH OF A CREATURE DEAD A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS!
2


"...THEY'RE FROM A PTERODACTYL--PREHISTORIC FLYING LIZARD...
HOW MUCH AM I OFFERED FOR THESE DRAGON'S TEETH?
A THOUSAND DOLLARS!
THE BIDDING SOARS! AND JUSTIN, ALIAS THE SHINING KNIGHT, IN HIS ROLE AS ASSISTANT CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM, RECOGNIZES THE MOST RECKLESS BIDDER OF ALL!
FIVE THOUSAND!
PROFESSOR MORESBY SENT ME TO BUY THE TEETH FOR THE MUSEUM--- BUT I CAN'T MATCH TWILL'S OFFER! WONDER WHAT HE WANTS THEM FOR?
PRESENTLY...
--GOING--GONE! SOLD TO MR. TWILL!
NOW I'LL SHOW THEM PROOF THAT THERE'S TRUTH IN THE OLD LEGEND!
THE OLD LEGEND? WHAT'S HE MEAN, WILLIE?
YOU'D BE SURPRISED! BUT I'LL TELL YOU LATER, WHEN WE GET THE BOYS TOGETHER!
AND WHILE WILLIE THE WORM PLOTS--- AUGUSTUS TWILL GOES AHEAD WITH HIS OWN SEEMINGLY MAD PLAN!
FIRST I PLOW THE FIELD...
3

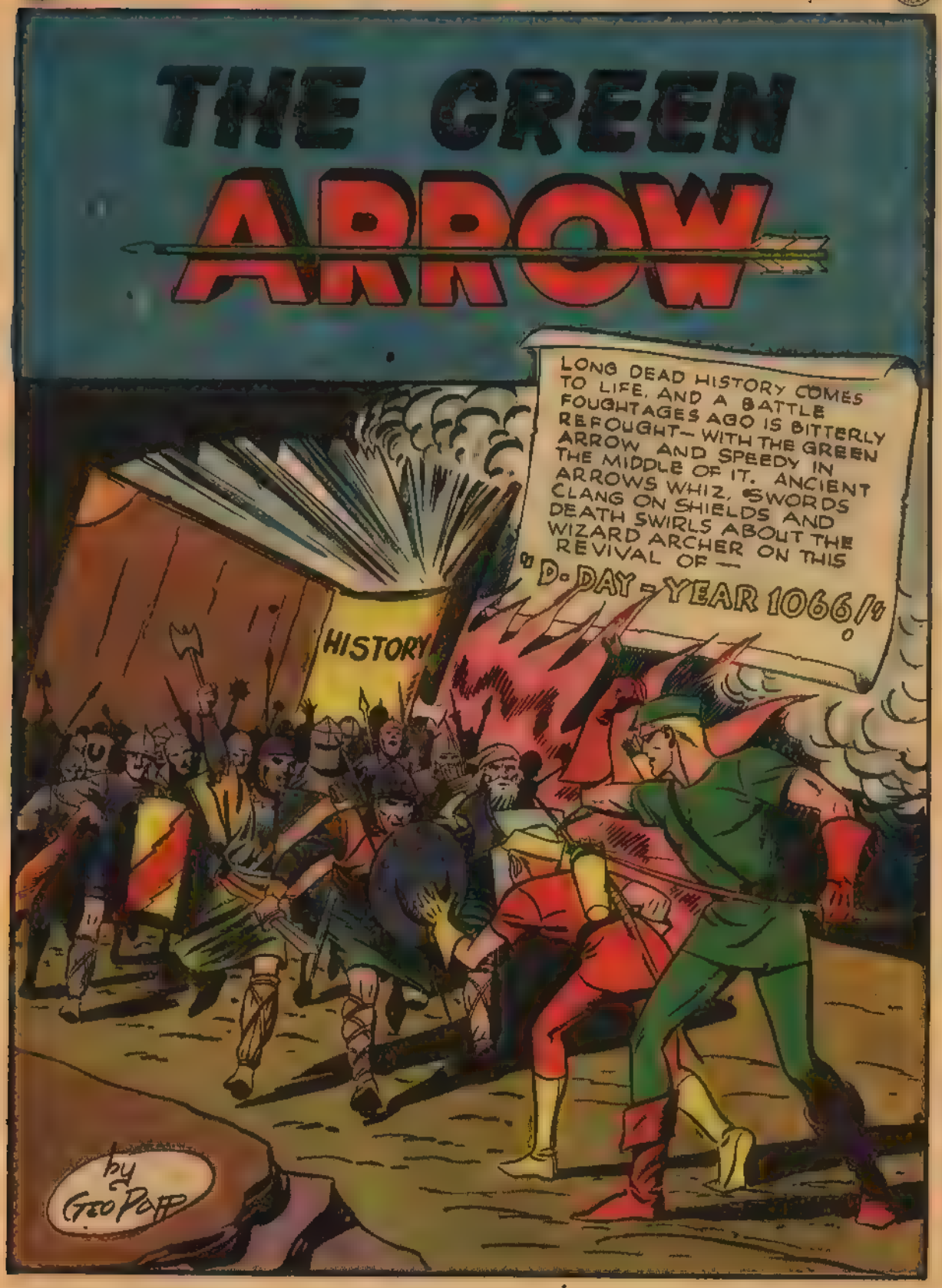
THEN I SOW THE DRAGON'S TEETH··
NO WONDER HIS FELLOW SCIENTISTS CALL HIM MAD! AND, HIS SOWING DONE, TWILL WAITS · AND DAYS LATER ···
· AND SOON THEY WILL SPROUT ·· OH, OH! I SAW THE GROUND MOVE!
YES, THE GROUND DOES MOVE! THEN ···
ARMED MEN, GROWN FROM DRAGON'S TEETH, JUST AS THE OLD LEGEND SAID!
HO, THERE! WHAT PLACE IS THIS?
INCREDIBLE, YOU SAY? NOT IF YOU KNOW HOW IT'S DONE! FOR UNDERGROUND, A LONG TUNNEL STRETCHES TO A NEIGHBORING FARM ···
IT WAS HARD WORK DIGGING THIS TUNNEL ·· BUT IT'LL PAY OFF! COME ON, IT'S OUR TURN TO PUSH UP THROUGH THE GROUND!
MEANWHILE, AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR FLIES TOWARD TWILL'S ESTATE ·· THE SHINING KNIGHT, MAN OF THE PAST, ASTRIDE HIS FLYING STEED, WINGED VICTORY
I KNOW TWILL'S OLD LEGEND WELL ·· ME THINKS HE MEANS TO PLANT THE DRAGON'S TEETH! MAYHAP I YET CAN STOP HIM!
4


ARMED WARRIORS -- SPRINGING FROM THE GROUND! BY MY HELMET, I KNOW NOT WHAT TO THINK!
AND, AS THE GLITTERING MAN OF YESTERDAY SWOOPS DOWNWARD ...
THE SHINING KNIGHT!
HOW DID HE HEAR ABOUT OUR RACKET? WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!
THEY KNOW ME! THEN MAYHAP THEY CAME NOT FROM THE OTHER WORLD BUT FROM THE UNDERWORLD!
THEN ...
HA, ROGUES, MY MAGIC SWORD MAKES SHORT WORK AND SHORT SPEARS OF YOUR EVIL WEAPONS!
YEEOWW -- MY HEAD!
WE CAN'T USE OUR TOMMY-GUNS -- BUT I'VE GOT A SILENCED PISTOL!
TWILL CAN'T HEAR WHAT I'M DOIN'!
ARGH -- THE BULLET CANNOT PIERCE MY ARMOR -- BUT THE SHOCK OF IT HAS UNHORSED ME!
PING!
THE GROUND WHICH BROUGHT YOU FORTH HAS SWALLOWED HIM UP!
HE FELL INTO OUR TUNNEL, BUT I CAN'T LET THIS GUY KNOW IT, OR HE'LL REALIZE WE FOOLED HIM! WE'LL HAVE TO FINISH OFF THE KNIGHT LATER!
YEAH, VERILY!
CRASH!

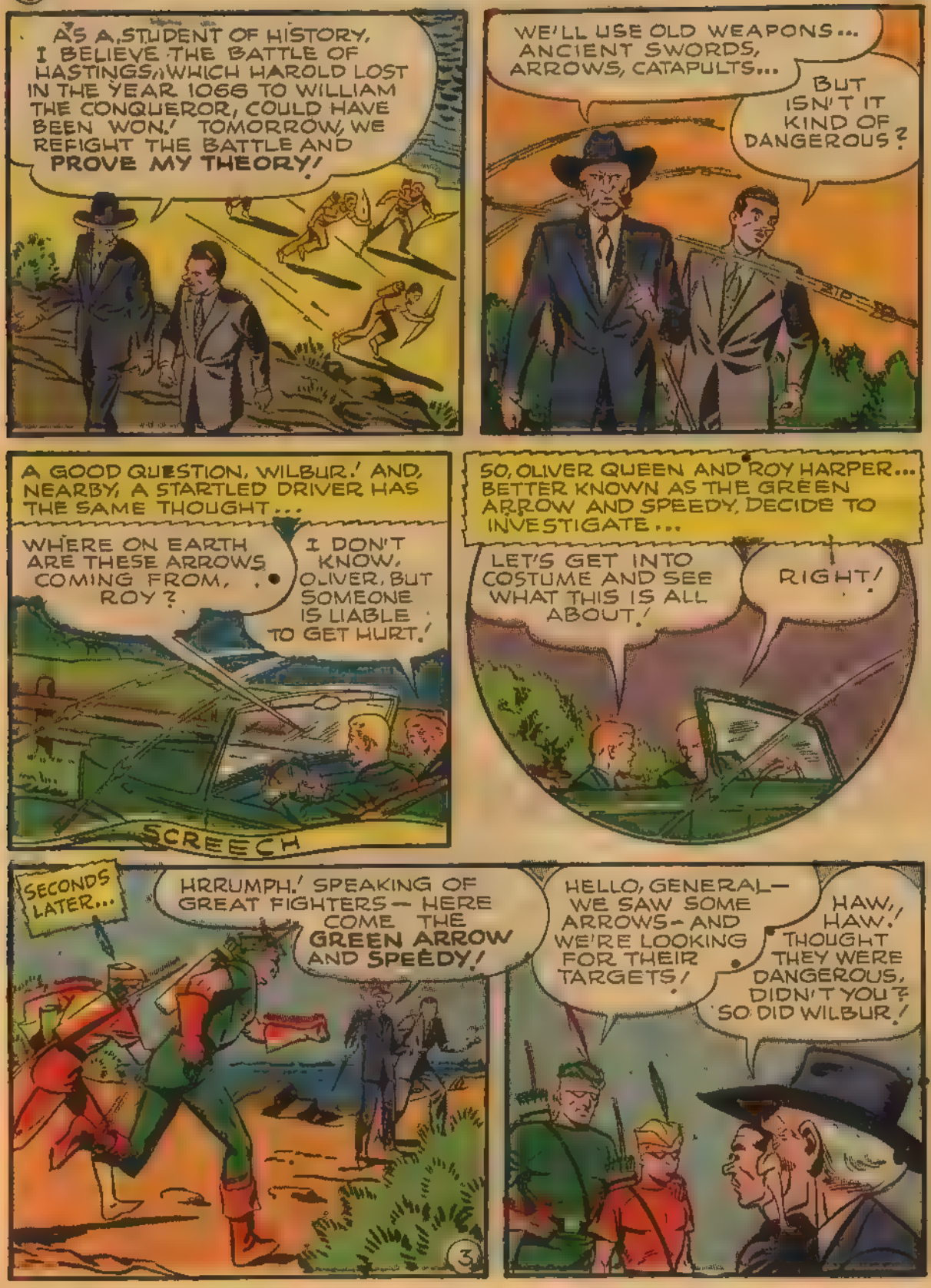
AND SO, AS THE CROOKS LEAVE ···
YOU'LL STAY IN MY HOUSE UNTIL I'M READY TO PRESENT YOU TO THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY AS PROOF OF MY THEORY!
VERILY!
THAT'S WHAT WE WANT - TO GET INSIDE THE GUY'S HOUSE!
MR. TWILL, THEY'RE STEALING THE VALUABLES! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
NO, NO, JEEMS! WE MUST HUMOR THEM! THEY KNOW NOTHING OF MODERN LIFE! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!
THIS IS RICH! HE'S PROTECTIN' US FROM THE POLICE!
BEFORE I LET THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY SEE YOU, I WANT TO SHOW YOU TO MY NEIGHBORS -- THEY HAVE LAUGHED AT ME, TOO!
AYE, INDEED!
WE'LL ROB ALL HIS RICH NEIGHBORS, TOO!
MEANWHILE, THE SHINING KNIGHT, KNOCKED OUT BY THE FALL, SLOWLY REVIVES ···
A TUNNEL! THIS EXPLAINS IT! I SPAKE TRUER THAN I KNEW WHEN I SAID THE ROGUES WERE FROM THE UNDER-WORLD!
THERE THEY GO! I MUST STOP THEIR KNAVERY! ··· BUT I'LL NEED HELP!
AND SO, AS THE LOOTING GOES MERRILY ON ···
NO, NO, WOODS! DON'T CALL THE POLICE! I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
THIS IS A BETTER SUIT THAN MINE -- I THINK I'LL ···
6

YIII.. THEY'RE ALIVE!
GRACIOUS! THE EMPTY ARMOR IS FIGHTING TOO! AND THE SHINING KNIGHT WHOM THE GROUND SWALLOWED.. I DON'T UNDER STAND!
DOWN CHURL!
YIII!
AND AS THE SCARED GANG LEADER TRIES TO FLEE
BACK TO THE EARTH WORM!
YIII! THE TUNNEL! I'M SUNK!
THEN THE KNIGHT RETURNS TO AID TWILL, AND
THE POLICE! I'VE BEEN DECEIVED BUT THE ARMOR I DON'T UNDERSTAND..
IF ROGUES CAN WEAR ARMOR, SO CAN HONEST MEN!
YOUR CRAZY IDEAS MAKE YOU AN EASY VICTIM TWILL!
I WAS A FOOL! I SHOULD HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED!
AN EXCELLENT IDEA! BUT FIRST, TO THWART ANY DOUBT, LET US GO AND GATHER UP THE DRAGON'S TEETH.. WHICH LIE WHERE YOU PLANTED THEM!
AND, FINALLY, THE DRAGON'S TEETH FIND THEIR RIGHTFUL HOME
THE PTERODACTYL'S TEETH FOR THE MUSEUM! AH SIR JUSTIN, DID YOU HAVE MUCH TROUBLE?
AYE, PROFESSOR MORESBY, THEY CAME NIGH TO BITING ME.. BUT METHINKS THEY'RE HARM LESS NOW!
THE END

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

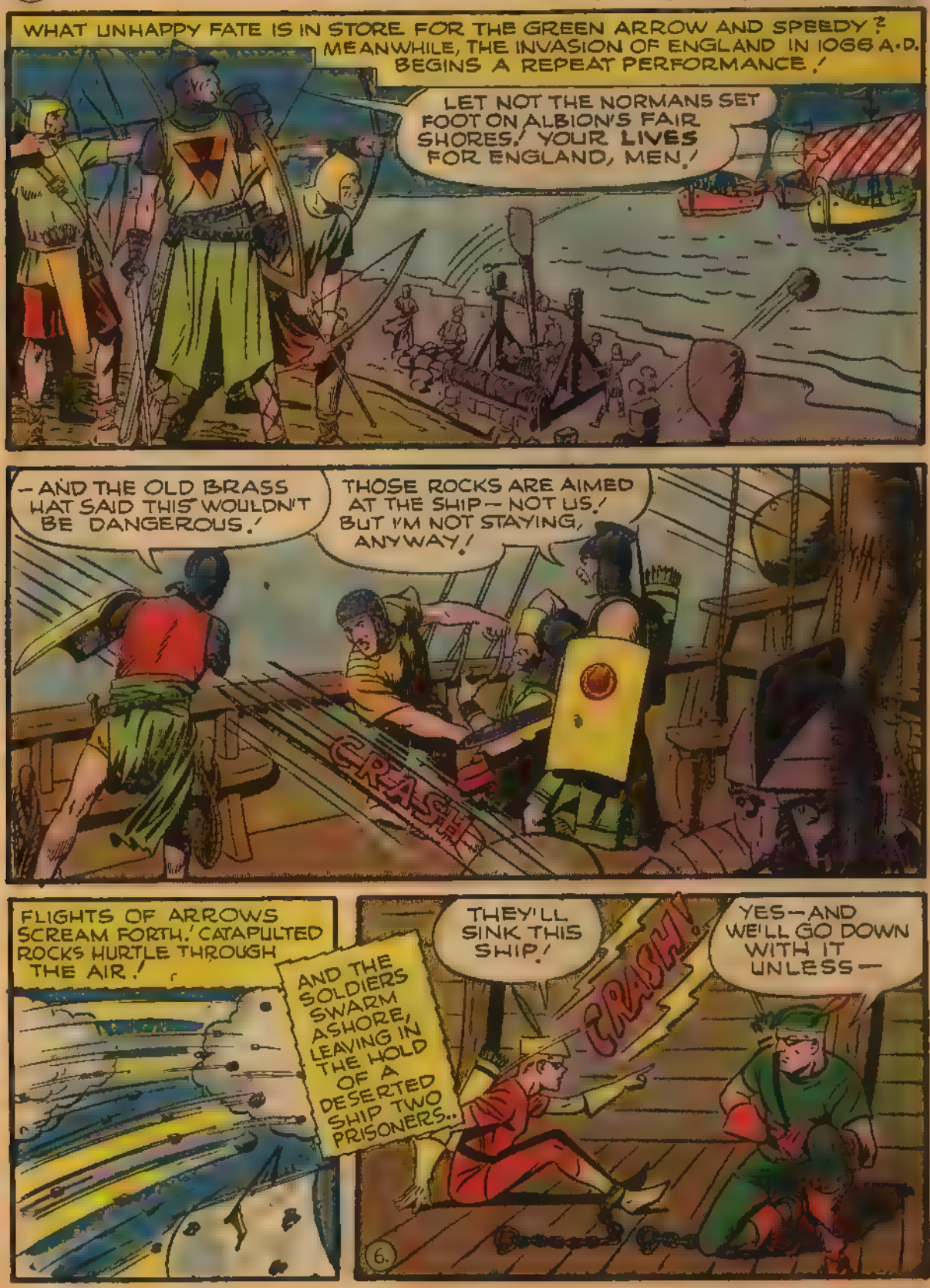

THE GREEN ARROW
LONG DEAD HISTORY COMES TO LIFE, AND A BATTLE FOUGHT AGES AGO IS BITTERLY REFOUGHT— WITH THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY IN THE MIDDLE OF IT. ANCIENT ARROWS WHIZ, SWORDS CLANG ON SHIELDS AND DEATH SWIRLS ABOUT THE WIZARD ARCHER ON THIS REVIVAL OF —
"D-DAY - YEAR 1066!"
HISTORY
by GEO PAPP

WHEN ELMER BLUNT WAS A KID, HE LIKED TO PLAY SOLDIER...
BANG, BANG! YOU'RE ALL DEAD!
AFTER HE GREW UP, HE STILL FOUND IT FUN...
UP AND AT 'EM, MEN! WE MUST TAKE YONDER HILL!
AND NOW, AS A RETIRED GENERAL, HE STILL GETS A KICK OUT OF IT...
YES, WILBUR, A SOLDIER'S LIFE IS A GOOD ONE! I'LL BE ONE TILL I DIE!
BUT UNCLE— AREN'T YOU KIND OF OLD FOR IT?
THE ARMY THINKS I AM... BUT I'M NOT! I STILL KNOW HOW TO BEAT THE ENEMY! COME DOWN TO THE LAKE WITH ME—
LOOK AT THAT!
MEN FIGHTING WITH BOWS AND ARROWS??? WHAT ON EARTH—?
IT'S A MOCK BATTLE, NEPHEW... JUST A REHEARSAL! BUT TOMORROW WE'LL PUT ON THE REAL THING, IN THE PROPER COSTUMES!
2

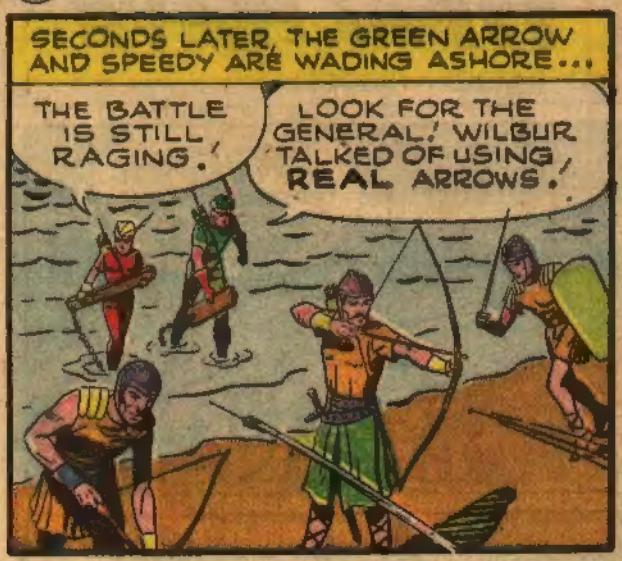

AS A STUDENT OF HISTORY, I BELIEVE THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS, WHICH HAROLD LOST IN THE YEAR 1066 TO WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, COULD HAVE BEEN WON! TOMORROW, WE REFIGHT THE BATTLE AND PROVE MY THEORY!
WE'LL USE OLD WEAPONS... ANCIENT SWORDS, ARROWS, CATAPULTS...
BUT ISN'T IT KIND OF DANGEROUS?
A GOOD QUESTION, WILBUR! AND, NEARBY, A STARTLED DRIVER HAS THE SAME THOUGHT...
WHERE ON EARTH ARE THESE ARROWS COMING FROM, ROY?
I DON'T KNOW, OLIVER, BUT SOMEONE IS LIABLE TO GET HURT!
SCREECH
SO, OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER... BETTER KNOWN AS THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY, DECIDE TO INVESTIGATE...
LET'S GET INTO COSTUME AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
RIGHT!
SECONDS LATER...
HRRUMPH! SPEAKING OF GREAT FIGHTERS — HERE COME THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY!
HELLO, GENERAL — WE SAW SOME ARROWS — AND WE'RE LOOKING FOR THEIR TARGETS!
HAW, HAW! THOUGHT THEY WERE DANGEROUS, DIDN'T YOU? SO DID WILBUR!
3

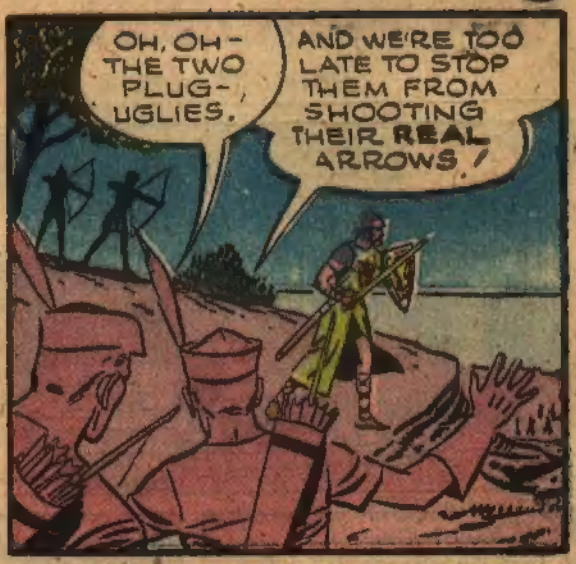
...BUT THESE ARROWS HAVE ROUNDED HEADS— CAN'T PENETRATE... WOULDN'T HURT A FLY! HAW!
THAT'S WHAT THE GENERAL THINKS. BUT WILBUR HAS OTHER IDEAS...
THE OLD FOOL, WASTING MONEY—MY MONEY, WHEN HE'S GONE— ON MOCK BATTLES. BUT IF I CAN SUBSTITUTE REAL ARROWS, ONE OF THEM MIGHT ACCIDENTILY HIT HIM!
THE NEXT DAY—
NICE OF THE GENERAL TO INVITE US TO WATCH HIS SHAM BATTLE. IT'S LIKE GOING BACK NINE HUNDRED YEARS.
WOW! LOOK AT THE GENERAL'S GET-UP!
NOW I'LL SHOW THEM HOW HAROLD COULD HAVE WON THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.
AS THE GENERAL BRIEFS HIS "SOLDIERS"...
WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THE BATTLE ZONE, SPEEDY.
RIGHT.
REMEMBER, BOYS, SAVE YOUR REAL ARROWS UNTIL—
YIII! LOOK WHO'S HERE, BOSS!
4.

THE GREEN ARROW'S WISE — UGH!
YOU FOOL! HE WASN'T UNTIL YOU LOST YOUR HEAD!
I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A RAT!
OWW!
AND I CAN UNHANDLE A BLACK-JACK!
AS WILBUR TRIES TO KEEP FROM FALLING—
HERE'S MY CHANCE.
OOHHH!
NICE WORK, BOSS! NOW SLUG THE KID.
SECONDS LATER...
THAT WAS LUCKY! BUT NOW WHAT? DO WE BUMP 'EM OFF?
DON'T BE SO CRUDE! I HAVE A MUCH BETTER IDEA!
5


WHAT UNHAPPY FATE IS IN STORE FOR THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY? MEANWHILE, THE INVASION OF ENGLAND IN 1066 A.D. BEGINS A REPEAT PERFORMANCE!
LET NOT THE NORMANS SET FOOT ON ALBION'S FAIR SHORES! YOUR LIVES FOR ENGLAND, MEN!
—AND THE OLD BRASS HAT SAID THIS WOULDN'T BE DANGEROUS!
THOSE ROCKS ARE AIMED AT THE SHIP—NOT US! BUT I'M NOT STAYING, ANYWAY!
CRASH
FLIGHTS OF ARROWS SCREAM FORTH! CATAPULTED ROCKS HURTLE THROUGH THE AIR!
AND THE SOLDIERS SWARM ASHORE, LEAVING IN THE HOLD OF A DESERTED SHIP TWO PRISONERS..
THEY'LL SINK THIS SHIP!
CRASH!
YES—AND WE'LL GO DOWN WITH IT UNLESS—
6.

THIS OLD HULL IS AS FLIMSY AS IT LOOKS.!
GOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, G. A.!
THIS GALLEY WAS MADE TO BE SMASHED UP SO IT ISN'T STRONGLY BUILT.! NOW I'LL FREE YOU!
BUT AS BOTH ARCHERS ATTAIN FREEDOM...
WHEE.! THEY'RE THROWING BIG ONES.!
— THAT WATER'S COMING IN FAST, SPEEDY.! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT.! GRAB THAT ROPE WHILE I RIP UP SOME MORE PLANKS.
PRESENTLY...
READY HERE, G. A.!
GOOD.! NOW WE'LL SLIDE THIS CATAPULT UNDER THE HOLE IN THE DECK AND YOU'LL GET ON THIS END...
7.
THE SLIP KNOT IS PULLED— THE BENT PLANK SNAPS STRAIGHT—
I'LL FOLLOW YOU IN A MOMENT, SPEEDY.!





THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY
MAKE CRIME-CRUSHING HISTORY EVERY MONTH IN ADVENTURE COMICS

HOW THOM McAN STOPPED A TIDAL WAVE

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

TIDAL WAVE THREATENS COASTAL CITY! HUGE MOUNTAIN OF WATER ROLLING IN AT TERRIFIC SPEED!

H-E-L-L-P!

MIGOSH, THOM, EVEN YOU AND YOUR "BAZOOKA-SHOES" CAN'T STOP A TIDAL WAVE!

OH, YEAH? QUICK, "H", HELP ME GET 'EM ON-- AND SET THEIR DIALS AT "10 MILLION C"!

BA-ZOO-OOKA!

SET AT "10 MILLION C," THE MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" GENERATE FANTASTIC HEAT RAYS WHICH TURN THE GIANT WAVE INTO HARMLESS STEAM!

WOW! THAT'S ONE SIGHT I WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS!

AND ANOTHER IS THOSE SNAPPY NEW SHOES THEY'RE SHOWING AT THE THOM McAN STORES!

BUBBLE BUBBLE--

YEAH, MAN! DAD JUST BOUGHT ME THIS PAIR YESTERDAY!

PRETTY NIFTY, ALL RIGHT. AND BOY--CAN THEY TAKE A LOT OF PUNISHMENT!

YOU BET! ANY KID CAN TELL YOU HOW TOUGH THOM McANS ARE!

WHAT A GUY! YOU PEFORM A MIRACLE AND THEN TALK ABOUT SHOES!

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM McAN ... ALWAYS SILENT! ("THE 'H' IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!")

SHUCKS, ISN'T IT ALSO PRACTICALLY A MIRACLE THE WAY THE THOM McAN FOLKS TURN OUT SUCH A KEEN-LOOKING, KEEN-FEELING SHOE? NO WONDER EVERY REGULAR GUY WEARS 'EM!

Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES

Thom McAn

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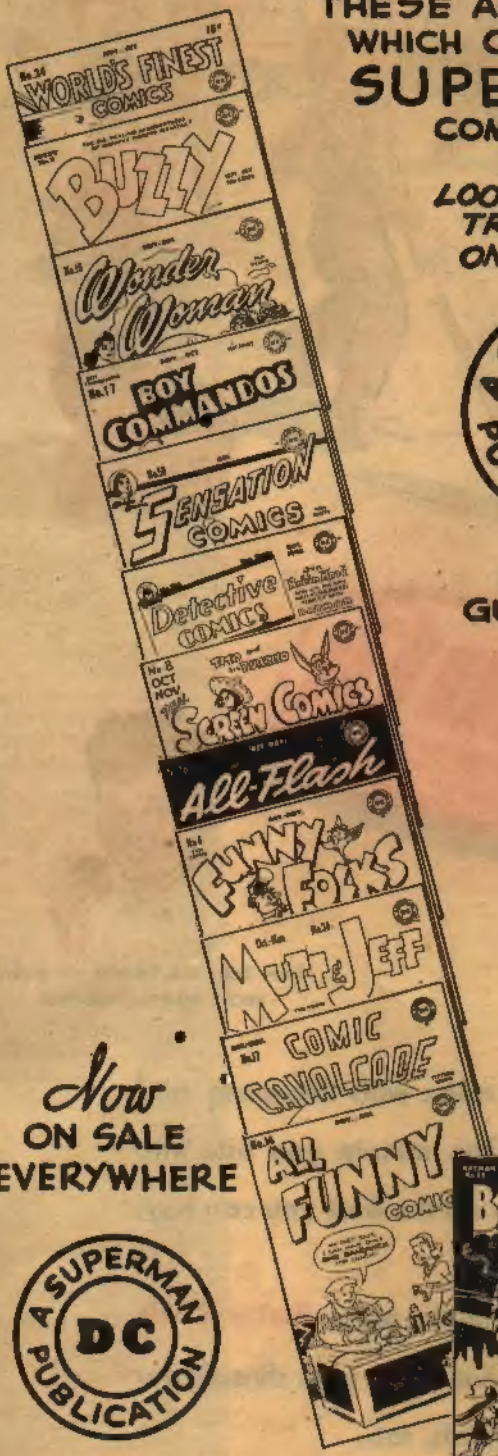

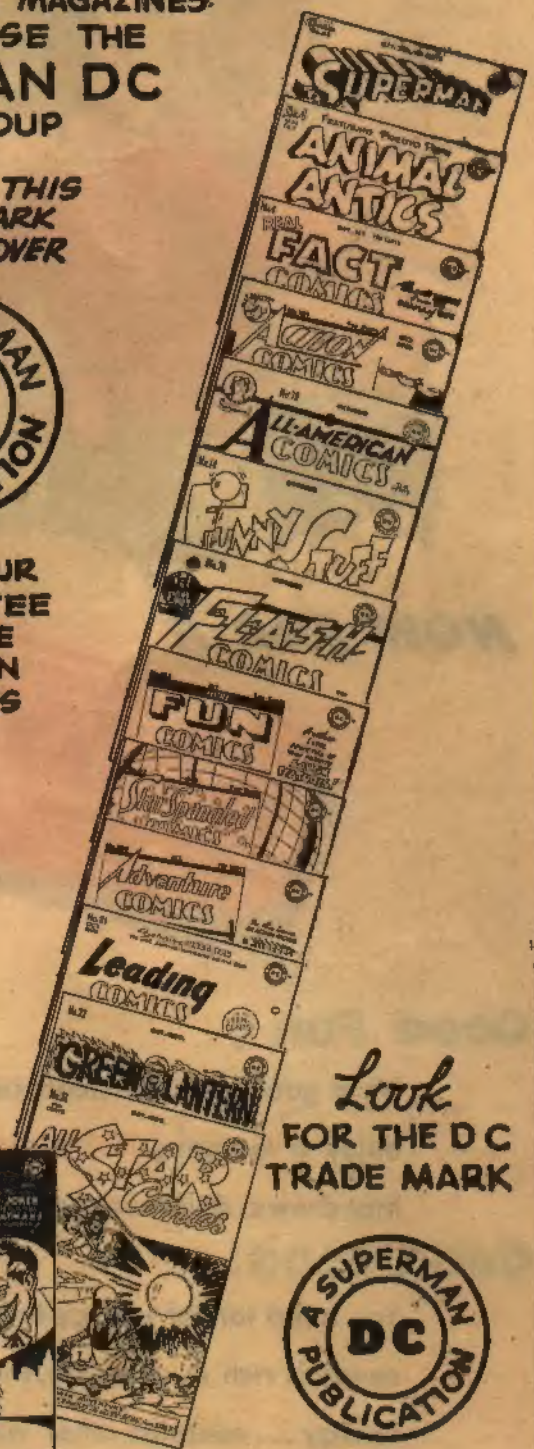

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